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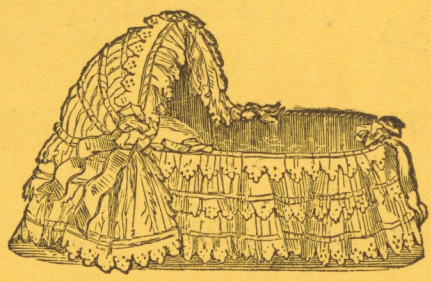

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THOMAS KEATING, Esq. F. NELSON.

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A simple Check in every colour; the material is Cashmere, with rich Ducape, Side Trimming in French Blue, Nut Brown, Violet, Black, and the New Green, edged with Velvet. The Skirt is lined throughout, the material for the Bodice included. Price 14s. 9d. If with our New-shaped Jacket, made and elaborately trimmed with Velvet, 3s. 9d. extra.

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It is a fallacy to suppose low-priced Tea the *cheapest*, as it is *deficient* both in strength and flavour, and does not possess the healthful or exhilarating qualities of "Fine"; moreover, as the duty and charges are the same on all descriptions, it is evident that the common kinds are relatively the dearest.

STRACHAN & Co., who have had thirty years' experience in the wholesale trade, have long seen the want of a *Retail* Establishment, where the public could depend upon always obtaining a really "Fine" Tea, and have therefore opened premises as above, for the purpose of supplying the *finest Teas at the lowest possible remunerative profit.*

It is their intention to sell "TEA ONLY" making quality their sole study, whilst the prices will be within the reach of all classes; and to this end they will devote their great experience and an ample capital in purchasing only the best growths, either in China or England, as the state of the Markets may justify.

STRACHAN & Co. consider it necessary to sell only *two qualities* of *Tea*, viz., one for the *Drawing Room*, guaranteed to consist only of the *finest* and *choicest* pickings; the other a really *strong useful description*, suitable for ordinary domestic purposes; and as they pledge themselves "never to vary their qualities," their prices will necessarily ascend or descend with the Import market rates.

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BLACK.—The finest, or "Drawing Room" Tea	4s. 2d.	GREEN.—The finest Gunpowder, Hyson, or Young Hyson	5s. 6d.
,, Strong useful ditto, for Domestic purposes	3 2	,, Strong useful kinds	3 8

7 lbs. and upwards sent free of carriage within 60 miles of London, and a reduction of 2d. per lb. made on original packages of 40 and 80 lbs., which may be had direct from the Dock Warehouses, and cleared, if required, by the buyers' own agents. ¼ lb. the smallest quantity sold.

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	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 Table Forks	1 10 0	1 18 0	2 8 0	3 0 0
12 Dessert Forks	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0
12 Table Spoons	1 10 0	1 18 0	2 8 0	3 0 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0
12 Tea Spoons	0 12 0	0 18 0	1 3 6	1 10 0
4 Salt Spoons	0 6 0	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 12 0
1 Mustard do.	0 1 6	0 1 6	0 2 0	0 3 0
6 Egg do.	0 9 0	0 12 0	0 15 0	0 18 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 7 6	0 7 6	0 10 0	0 12 6
1 Soup Ladle	0 13 0	0 13 0	0 17 0	0 18 0
1 Fish Knife	0 13 0	0 13 0	0 15 6	0 18 6
1 Butter Knife	0 3 6	0 3 6	0 5 9	0 6 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 7 0	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0
1 Sugar Sifter	0 4 0	0 4 9	0 6 0	0 7 0
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WEIGHT 10 oz.

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Stout Siphonias, 35s. Leggings, 10s. 6d. Shooting Boots, Fishing-Stockings, Portable folding Baths, Air Beds, Water Beds for Invalids, Pillows, &c. Portable India-rubber Boats, designed expressly for the Indian rivers, to carry one or more persons, weighing from 10 to 40 lbs. Price £6 6s., £10 10s., and £18 18s., folding in a compass of 3 feet.

NOTICE.—NAME & ADDRESS STAMPED INSIDE. NONE OTHERS ARE GENUINE.

EDMISTON & SON, 5, CHARING CROSS,

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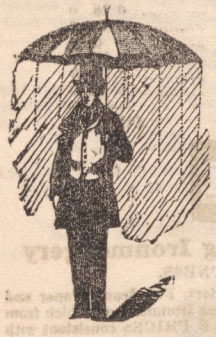
SANGSTERS'

SILK AND ALPACA UMBRELLAS,

ON FOX'S PARAGON FRAMES.



The acknowledged benefit to health, in addition to the personal comfort, derived from the use of the UMBRELLA, as a protection from the injurious effects of the *Sun*, as well as the *Rain*, is rapidly increasing the demand for them in all quarters of the globe.

The invention of

"FOX'S PARAGON FRAMES,"

by lessening the weight nearly one-half without impairing the strength, has effected a great improvement; whilst the application of

ALPACA

(patented by W. & J. Sangster in 1848) enables the manufacturer to produce an article, nearly equal to silk, at less than half the price.

W. & J. S. continue to repair gratis (if necessary), the frames of any Paragon Umbrellas purchased at either of their Establishments, viz.:

140, REGENT STREET,
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75, CHEAPSIDE.

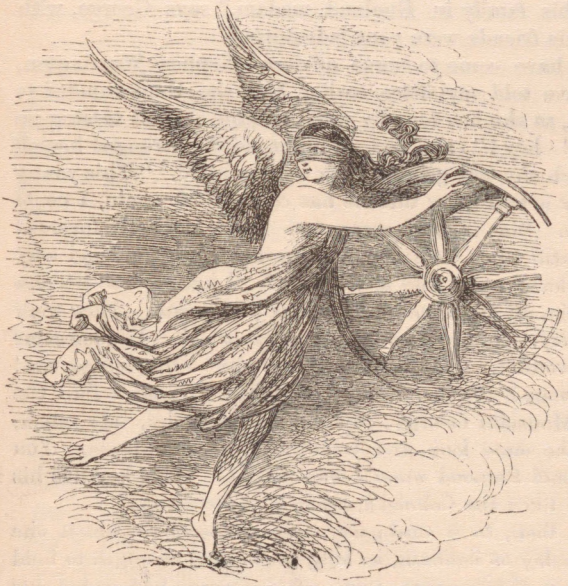
Shipping Orders executed with despatch and on the lowest terms at their Wholesale Warehouse, 75, Cheapside.

A YOUNG REPROBATE!

A PRESENTATION TO MADAM ESMOND.

CHAPTER V.

WHERE WE REMAIN AT THE COURT END OF THE TOWN.



GEORGE WARRINGTON had related the same story, which we have just heard, to Madame de Bernstein on the previous evening—a portion, that is, of the history; for the old lady nodded off to sleep many times during the narration, only waking up when George paused, saying it was most interesting; and ordering him to continue. The young gentleman hemmed and ha'd, and stuttered, and blushed, and went on, much against his will, and did not speak half so well as he did to his friendly little auditory in Hill Street, where Hetty's eyes of wonder and Theo's sympathising looks, and mamma's kind face, and papa's funny looks, were applause sufficient to cheer any modest youth who required encouragement for his eloquence. As for mamma's behaviour the General said, 'twas as good as Mr. Addison's trunkmaker, and she would make the fortune of any tragedy by simply being engaged to cry in the front-boxes. That is why we chose my Lord Wrotham's house as the theatre where George's first piece should be performed, wishing that he should speak to advantage, and not as when he was heard by that sleepy, cynical old lady, to whom he had to narrate his adventures.

"Very good and most interesting, I am sure, my dear sir," says

Madame Bernstein, putting up three pretty little fingers covered with a lace mitten to hide a convulsive movement of her mouth. "And your mother must have been delighted to see you,"

George shrugged his shoulders ever so little, and made a low bow, as his aunt looked up at him for a moment with her keen, old eyes.

"Have been delighted to see you," she continued drily, "and killed the fatted calf, and—and that kind of thing. Though why I say calf, I don't know, Nephew George, for you never were the prodigal. I may say calf to thee, my poor Harry! Thou hast been amongst the swine sure enough. And evil companions have robbed the money out of thy pocket and the coat off thy back."

"He came to his family in England, madam," says George, with some heat, "and his friends were your ladyship's."

"He could not have come to worse advisers, Nephew Warrington, and so I should have told my sister earlier, had she condescended to write to me by him, as she has done by you," said the old lady tossing up her head. "Hey! hey!" she said, at night, as she arranged herself for the rout to which she was going, to her waiting-maid. "This young gentleman's mother is half sorry that he has come to life again, I could see that in his face. She is half sorry, and I am perfectly furious! Why didn't he lie still when he dropped there under the tree, and why did that young Florac carry him to the fort? I knew those Floracs when I was at Paris, in the time of Monsieur le Régent. They were of the Floracs of Ivry. No great house before Henri IV. His ancestor was the king's favourite. His ancestor—he! he!—his ancestress! Brett! entendez vous? Give me my card-purse. I don't like the grand airs of this Monsieur George; and yet he resembles, very much, his grandfather—the same look and sometimes the same tones. You have heard of Colonel Esmond when I was young? This boy has his eyes. I suppose I liked the Colonel's, because he loved me."

Being engaged, then, to a card-party,—an amusement which she never missed, week-day or Sabbath, as long as she had strength to hold trumps or sit in a chair,—very soon, after George had ended his narration, the old lady dismissed her two nephews, giving to the elder a couple of fingers and a very stately curtsey; but to Harry two hands and a kindly pat on the cheek.

"My poor child, now thou art disinherited, thou wilt see how differently the world will use thee!" she said. "There is only, in all London, a wicked, heartless old woman who will treat thee as before. Here is a pocket-book for you, child! Do not lose it at Ranelagh to-night. That suit of yours does not become your brother half so well as it sat upon you! You will present your brother to everybody, and walk up and down the room for two hours at least, child. Were I you, I would then go to the Chocolate House, and play as if nothing had happened. Whilst you are there, your brother may come back to me and eat a bit of chicken with me. My lady Flint gives wretched suppers, and I want to

talk his mother's letter over with him. Au revoir, gentlemen!" and she went away to her toilette. Her chairmen and flambeaux were already waiting at the door.

The gentlemen went to Ranelagh, where but a few of Mr. Harry's acquaintances chanced to be present. They paced the round, and met Mr. Tom Claypool with some of his country friends; they heard the music; they drank tea in a box; Harry was master of ceremonies, and introduced his brother to the curiosities of the place; and George was even more excited than his brother had been on his first introduction to this palace of delight. George loved music much more than Harry ever did; he heard a full orchestra for the first time, and a piece of Mr. Handel satisfactorily performed; and a not unpleasing instance of Harry's humility and regard for his elder brother was, that he could even hold George's love of music in respect at a time when fiddling was voted effeminate and unmanly in England, and Britons were, every day, called upon by the patriotic prints to sneer at the frivolous accomplishments of your Squallinis, Monsieurs, and the like. Nobody in Britain is proud of his ignorance now. There is no conceit left among us. There is no such thing as dullness. Arrogance is entirely unknown . . . Well, at any rate, Art has obtained her letters of naturalisation, and lives here on terms of almost equality. If Mrs. Thrale chose to marry a music master now, I don't think her friends would shudder at the mention of her name. If she had a good fortune and kept a good cook, people would even go and dine with her in spite of the *mésalliance*, and actually treat Mr. Piozzi with civility.

After Ranelagh, and pursuant to Madame Bernstein's advice, George returned to her ladyship's house, whilst Harry showed himself at the club, where gentlemen were accustomed to assemble at night to sup, and then to gamble. No one of course alluded to Mr. Warrington's little temporary absence, and Mr. Ruff, his ex-landlord, waited upon him with the utmost gravity and civility, and as if there had never been any difference between them. Mr. Warrington had caused his trunks and habiliments to be conveyed away from Bond Street in the morning, and he and his brother were now established in apartments elsewhere.

But when the supper was done, and the gentlemen as usual were about to seek the macco-table up-stairs, Harry said he was not going to play any more. He had burned his fingers already, and could afford no more extravagance.

"Why," says Mr. Morris, in a rather flippant manner. "You must have won more than you have lost, Mr. Warrington, after all said and done."

"And of course I don't know my own business as well as you do, Mr. Morris," says Harry, sternly, who had not forgotten the other's behaviour on hearing of his arrest; "but I have another reason. A few months or days ago, I was heir to a great estate, and could afford

to lose a little money. Now, thank God, I am heir to nothing," and he looked round, blushing not a little, to the knot of gentlemen, his gaming associates, who were lounging at the tables or gathered round the fire.

"How do you mean, Mr. Warrington?" cries my Lord March. "Have you lost Virginia, too? Who has won it? I always had a fancy to play you myself for that stake."

"And grow an improved breed of slaves in the colony," says another.

"The right owner has won it. You heard me tell of my twin elder brother?

"Who was killed in that affair of Braddock's two years ago? Yes. Gracious goodness, my dear sir, I hope in heaven he has not come to life again?"

"He arrived in London two days since. He has been a prisoner in a French fort for eighteen months; he only escaped a few months ago; and left our house in Virginia very soon after his release."

"You haven't had time to order mourning, I suppose, Mr. Warrington?" asks Mr. Selwyn very good-naturedly, and simple Harry hardly knew the meaning of his joke until his brother interpreted it to him.

"Hang me, if I don't believe the fellow is absolutely glad of the re-appearance of his confounded brother!" cries my Lord March, as they continued to talk of the matter when the young Virginian had taken his leave.

"These savages practise the simple virtues of affection—they are barely civilised in America yet," yawns Selwyn.

"They love their kindred, and they scalp their enemies," simpers Mr. Walpole. "It's not Christian, but natural. Shouldn't you like to be present at a scalping-match, George, and see a fellow skinned alive?"

"A man's elder brother is his natural enemy," says Mr. Selwyn, placidly ranging his money and counters before him.

"Torture is like broiled bones and pepper. You wouldn't relish simple hanging afterwards, George!" continues Horry.

"I'm hanged if there's any man in England who would like to see his elder brother alive," says my lord.

"No, nor his father either, my lord!" cries Jack Morris.

"First time I ever knew you had one, Jack. Give me counters for five hundred."

"I say, 'tis all mighty fine about dead brothers coming to life again," continues Jack. "Who is to know that it wasn't a scheme arranged between these two fellows? Here comes a young fellow who calls himself the Fortunate Youth, who says he is a Virginian Prince and the deuce knows what, and who gets into our society—"

A great laugh ensues at Jack's phrase of "our society."

"Who is to know that it wasn't a cross?" Jack continues. "The young one is to come first. He is to marry an heiress, and, when he has got her, up is to rise the elder brother! When did this elder

brother show? Why, when the younger's scheme was blown, and all was up with him! Who shall tell me that the fellow hasn't been living in Seven Dials, or in a cellar dining off tripe and cow-heel until my younger gentleman was disposed of? Dammy, as gentlemen, I think we ought to take notice of it: and that this Mr. Warrington has been taking a most outrageous liberty with the whole club."

"Who put him up? It was March, I think, put him up?" asks a bystander.

"Yes. But my lord thought he was putting up a very different person. Didn't you, March?"

"Hold your confounded tongue, and mind your game!" says the nobleman addressed: but Jack Morris's opinion found not a few supporters in the world. Many persons agreed that it was most indecorous of Mr. Harry Warrington to have ever believed in his brother's death; that there was something suspicious about the young man's first appearance and subsequent actions, and, in fine, that regarding these foreigners, adventurers, and the like, we ought to be especially cautious.

Though he was out of prison and difficulty; though he had his aunt's liberal donation of money in his pocket; though his dearest brother was restored to him, whose return to life Harry never once thought of deploring, as his friends at White's supposed he would do; though Maria had shown herself in such a favourable light by her behaviour during his misfortune: yet Harry, when alone, felt himself not particularly cheerful, and smoked his pipe of Virginia with a troubled mind. It was not that he was deposed from his principality: the loss of it never once vexed him; he knew that his brother would share with him as he would have done with his brother; but after all those struggles and doubts in his own mind, to find himself poor and yet irrevocably bound to his elderly cousin! Yes, she was elderly, there was no doubt about it. When she came to that horrible den in Cursitor Street and the tears washed her rouge off, why, she looked as old as his mother! her face was all wrinkled and yellow, and as he thought of her he felt just such a qualm as he had when she was taken ill that day in the coach on their road to Tunbridge. What would his mother say when he brought her home, and, Lord, what battles there would be between them! He would go and live on one of the plantations—the farther from home the better—and have a few negroes, and farm as best he might, and hunt a good deal; but at Castlewood or in her own home, such as he could make it for her, what a life for poor Maria, who had been used to go to Court and to cards and balls and assemblies every night! If he could be but the overseer of the estates—O he would be an honest factor, and try and make up for his useless life and extravagance in these past days! Five thousand pounds, all his patrimony and the accumulations of his long minority squandered in six months! He a beggar, except for dear George's kindness, with nothing in life left to him but an old wife,—a pretty beggar, dressed out in velvet and silver lace forsooth—the poor lad was arrayed in his best clothes—

a pretty figure he had made in Europe, and a nice end he was come to! With all his fine friends at White's and Newmarket, with all his extravagance, had he been happy a single day since he had been in Europe? Yes, three days, four days, yesterday evening, when he had been with dear dear Mrs. Lambert, and those affectionate kind girls, and that brave good Colonel. And the Colonel was right when he rebuked him for his spendthrift follies, and he had been a brute to be angry as he had been, and God bless them all for their generous exertions in his behalf! Such were the thoughts which Harry put into his pipe, and he smoked them whilst he waited his brother's return from Madame Bernstein.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING WHICH HARRY SITS SMOKING HIS PIPE AT HOME.

THE maternal grandfather of our Virginians, the Colonel Esmond of whom frequent mention has been made, and who had quitted England to reside in the New World, had devoted some portion of his long American leisure to the composition of the memoirs of his early life. In these volumes, Madame de Bernstein (Mrs. Beatrice Esmond was her name as a spinster) played a very considerable part; and as George had read his grandfather's manuscript many times over, he had learned to know his kinswoman long before he saw her,—to know, at least, the lady, young, beautiful, and wilful, of half a century since, with whom he now became acquainted in the decline of her days. When cheeks are faded and eyes are dim, is it sad or pleasant, I wonder, for the woman who is a beauty no more, to recall the period of her bloom? When the heart is withered, do the old love to remember how it once was fresh and beat with warm emotions? When the spirits are languid and weary, do we like to think how bright they were in other days, the hope how buoyant, the sympathies how ready, the enjoyment of life how keen and eager? So they fall,—the buds of prime, the roses of beauty, the florid harvests of summer,—fall and wither, and the naked branches shiver in the winter.

And that was a beauty once! thinks George Warrington, as his aunt, in her rouge and diamonds, comes in from her rout, and that ruin was a splendid palace. Crowds of lovers have sighed before those decrepit feet, and been bewildered by the brightness of those eyes. He remembered a firework at home, at Williamsburg, on the King's birthday, and afterwards looking at the skeleton wheel and the sockets

of the exploded Roman candles. The dazzle and brilliancy of Aunt Beatrice's early career passed before him, as he thought over his grandsire's journals. Honest Harry had seen them, too, but Harry was no book-man, and had not read the manuscript very carefully; nay, if he had, he would probably not have reasoned about it as his brother did, being by no means so much inclined to moralising as his melancholy senior.

Mr. Warrington thought that there was no cause why he should tell his aunt how intimate he was with her early history, and accordingly held his peace upon that point. When their meal was over, she pointed with her cane to her escritoire, and bade her attendant bring the letter which lay under the inkstand there; and George, recognising the superscription, of course knew the letter to be that of which he had been the bearer from home.

"It would appear by this letter," said the old lady, looking hard at her nephew, "that ever since your return, there have been some differences between you and my sister."

"Indeed? I did not know that Madam Esmond had alluded to them," George said.

The Baroness puts a great pair of glasses upon eyes which shot fire and kindled who knows how many passions in old days, and, after glancing over the letter, hands it to George, who reads as follows:

"Richmond, Virginia, *December 26th*, 1756.

"Honoured Madam! and Sister!

"I have received, and thankfully acknowledge, your ladyship's favour, per Rose packet, of October 23 ult.; and straightway answer you at a season which should be one of goodwill and peace to all men: but in which Heaven hath nevertheless decreed we should still bear our portion of earthly sorrow and trouble. My reply will be brought to you by my eldest son, Mr. Esmond Warrington, who returned to us so miraculously out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death (as our previous letters have informed my poor Henry), and who is desirous, not without my consent to his wish, to visit Europe, though he has been amongst us so short a while. I grieve to think that my dearest Harry should have appeared at home—I mean in England—*under false colours*, as it were; and should have been presented to His Majesty, to our family, and his own, as his father's heir, whilst my dear son George was still alive, though dead to us. Ah, Madam! During the eighteen months of his captivity, what anguish have his mother's, his brother's, hearts undergone! My Harry's is the tenderest of any man's now alive. In the joy of seeing Mr. Esmond Warrington returned to life, he will forget the worldly misfortune which befalls him. He will return to (comparative) poverty without a pang. The most generous, *the most obedient* of human beings, of sons, he will gladly give up to his elder brother that

inheritance which had been his own but for the accident of birth, and for the providential return of my son George.

"Your beneficent intentions towards dearest Harry will be more than ever welcome, now he is reduced to a younger brother's slender portion! Many years since, an advantageous opportunity occurred of providing for him in this province, and he would by this time have been master of a *noble estate* and negroes, and have been enabled to make a figure with most here, could his *mother's wishes* have been complied with, and his father's small portion, now lying at small interest in the British funds, have been invested in this most excellent purchase. But the forms of the law, and, I grieve to own, *my elder son's scruples*, prevailed, and this admirable opportunity was lost to me! Harry will find the savings of his income have been carefully accumulated—long, long may he live to enjoy them! May Heaven bless you, dear sister, for what your ladyship may add to *his little store!* As I gather from your letter, that the sum which has been allowed to him has not been sufficient for his expenses *in the fine company* which he has kept (and the grandson of the Marquis of Esmond, —one who had so *nearly* been his lordship's *heir*—may sure claim equality with any other nobleman in Great Britain), and having a sum by me which I had always intended for the poor child's establishment, I entrust it to my eldest son, who, to do him justice, hath a most sincere regard for his brother, to lay it out for Harry's best advantage."

"It took him out of prison, yesterday, madam. I think that was the best use to which we could put it," interposed George, at this stage of his mother's letter.

"Nay, sir, I don't know any such thing! Why not have kept it to buy a pair of colours for him, or to help towards another estate and some negroes, if he has a fancy for home?" cried the old lady. "Besides, I had a fancy to pay that debt myself."

"I hope you will let his brother do that. I ask leave to be my brother's banker in this matter, and consider I have borrowed so much from my mother, to be paid back to my dear Harry."

"Do you say so, sir? Give me a glass of wine! You are an extravagant fellow! Read on, and you will see your mother thinks so. I drink to your health, nephew George! 'Tis good Burgundy. Your grandfather never loved Burgundy. He loved claret, the little he drank."

And George proceeded with the letter.

"This remittance will, I trust, amply cover any expenses which, owing to the mistake respecting his position, dearest Harry may have incurred. I wish I could trust his elder brother's prudence as confidently as my Harry's! But I fear that, even in his captivity, Mr. Esmond W. has learned little of that *humility* which becomes all

Christians, and which I have ever endeavoured to teach to my children. Should you by chance show him these lines, when, by the blessing of Heaven on those who go down to the sea in ships, the Great Ocean divides us! he will know that a fond mother's blessing and prayers follow both her children, and that there is no act I have ever done, no desire I have ever expressed (however little he may have been inclined to obey it!) but hath been dictated by the fondest wishes for my dearest boys' welfare."

"There is a scratch with a penknife, and a great blot upon the letter there, as if water had fallen on it. Your mother writes well, George. I suppose you and she had a difference?" said George's aunt, not unkindly.

"Yes, ma'am, many," answered the young man, sadly. "The last was about a question of money—of ransom which I promised to the old lieutenant of the fort who aided me to make my escape. I told you he had a mistress, a poor Indian woman, who helped me, and was kind to me. Six weeks after my arrival at home, the poor thing made her appearance at Richmond, having found her way through the woods by pretty much the same track which I had followed, and bringing me the token which Museau had promised to send me when he connived to my flight. A commanding officer and a considerable reinforcement had arrived at Duquesne. Charges, I don't know of what peculation (for his messenger could not express herself very clearly), had been brought against this Museau. He had been put under arrest, and had tried to escape; but, less fortunate than myself, he had been shot on the rampart, and he sent the Indian woman to me, with my grandfather's watch, and a line scrawled in his prison on his death-bed, begging me to send *ce que je sçavais* to a notary at Havre de Grace in France to be transmitted to his relatives at Caen in Normandy. My friend Silver-heels, the hunter, had helped my poor Indian on her way. I don't know how she would have escaped scalping else. But at home they received the poor thing sternly. They hardly gave her a welcome. I won't say what suspicions they had regarding her and me. The poor wretch fell to drinking whenever she could find means. I ordered that she should have food and shelter, and she became the jest of our negroes, and formed the subject of the scandal and tittle-tattle of the old fools in our little town. Our Governor was, luckily, a man of sense, and I made interest with him, and procured a pass to send her back to her people. Her very grief at parting with me only served to confirm the suspicions against her. A fellow preached against me from the pulpit, I believe; I had to treat another with a cane. And I had a violent dispute with Madam Esmond—a difference which is not healed yet—because I insisted upon paying to the heirs Museau pointed out the money I had promised for my deliverance. You see that scandal flourishes at the borders of the wilderness, and in the New World as well as the Old."

"I have suffered from it myself, my dear!" said Madame Bernstein, demurely. "Fill thy glass, child! A little tass of cherry-brandy! 'Twill do thee all the good in the world."

"As for my poor Harry's marriage," Madam Esmond's letter went on, "though I know *too well, from sad experience,* the dangers to which youth is subject, and would keep my boy, *at any price,* from them, though I should wish him to marry a person of rank, as becomes his birth, yet my Lady Maria Esmond is out of the question. Her age is almost the same as mine; and I know my brother Castlewood left his daughters with the very smallest portions. My Harry is so obedient that I know a desire from me will be sufficient to cause him to give up this imprudent match. Some foolish people once supposed that I myself once thought of a second union, and with a person of rank very different from ours. No! I knew what was due to my children. As succeeding to this estate after me, Mr. Esmond W. is amply provided for. Let my task now be to save for his less fortunate younger brother: and, as I do not love to live quite alone, let him return without delay to his fond and loving mother.

"The report which your ladyship hath given of my Harry fills my heart with warmest gratitude. He is all indeed a mother may wish. A year in Europe will have given him a polish and refinement which he could not acquire in our homely Virginia. Mr. Stack, one of our invaluable ministers in Richmond, hath a letter from Mr. Ward—my darling's tutor of early days—who knows my Lady Warrington and her excellent family, and saith that my Harry has lived much with his cousins of late. I am grateful to think that my boy has the privilege of being with his good aunt. May he follow her councils, and listen to those around him who will guide him on the way of *his best welfare!* Adieu, dear madam and sister! For your kindness to my boy accept the grateful thanks of a mother's heart. Though we have been divided hitherto, may these kindly ties draw us nearer and nearer. I am thankful that you should speak of my dearest father so. He was, indeed, one of the best of men! He, too, thanks you, I know, for the love you have borne to one of his children; and his daughter subscribes herself,

"With sincere thanks,
"Your ladyship's
"Most dutiful and grateful sister and servant,
"Rachel Esmond Wn.

"P.S.—I have communicated with my Lady Maria; but there will be no need to tell her and dear Harry that his mother or your ladyship hope to be able to increase his small fortune. The match is altogether unsuitable."

"As far as regards myself, madam," George said, laying down the paper, "my mother's letter conveys no news to me. I always knew that Harry was the favourite son with Madam Esmond, as he deserves

indeed to be. He has a hundred good qualities which I have not the good fortune to possess. He has better looks——"

"Nay, that is not your fault," said the old lady, slily looking at him; "and, but that he is fair and you are brown, one might almost pass for the other."

Mr. George bowed, and a faint blush tinged his pale cheek.

"His disposition is bright, and mine is dark," he continued; "Harry is cheerful, and I am otherwise perhaps. He knows how to make himself beloved by everyone, and it has been my lot to find but few friends."

"My sister and you have pretty little quarrels. There were such in old days in our family," the Baroness said; "and if Madam Esmond takes after our mother——"

"My mother has always described hers as an angel upon earth," interposed George.

"Eh! That is a common character for people when they are dead!" cried the Baroness; "and Rachel Castlewood was an angel, if you like—at least your grandfather thought so. But let me tell you, sir, that angels are sometimes not very *commodes à vivre*. It may be they are too good to live with us sinners, and the air down below here don't agree with them. My poor mother was so perfect that she never could forgive me for being otherwise. Ah, mon Dieu! how she used to oppress me with those angelical airs!"

George cast down his eyes, and thought of his own melancholy youth. He did not care to submit more of his family secrets to the cynical inquisition of this old worldling, who seemed, however, to understand him in spite of his reticence.

"I quite comprehend you, sir, though you hold your tongue," the Baroness continued. "A sermon in the morning: a sermon at night: and two or three of a Sunday. That is what people call being good. Every pleasure cried fie upon; all us worldly people excommunicated; a ball an abomination of desolation; a play a forbidden pastime; and a game of cards perdition! What a life! Mon Dieu, what a life!"

"We played at cards every night, if we were so inclined," said George, smiling; "and my grandfather loved Shakspere so much, that my mother had not a word to say against her father's favourite author."

"I remember. He could say whole pages by heart; though, for my part, I like Mr. Congreve a great deal better. And, then, there was that dreadful, dreary Milton, whom he and Mr. Addison pretended to admire!" cried the old lady, tapping her fan."

"If your ladyship does not like Shakspere, you will not quarrel with my mother for being indifferent to him, too," said George. "And indeed I think, and I am sure, that you don't do her justice. Wherever there are any poor she relieves them; wherever there are any sick she——"

"She doses them with her horrible purges and boluses!" cried the Baroness. "Of course, just as my mother did!"

"She does her best to cure them! She acts for the best, and performs her duty as far as she knows it."

"I don't blame you, sir, for doing yours, and keeping your own counsel about Madam Esmond," said the old lady. "But at least there is one point upon which we all three agree—that this absurd marriage must be prevented. Do you know how old the woman is? I can tell you, though she has torn the first leaf out of the family Bible at Castlewood."

"My mother has not forgotten her cousin's age, and is shocked at the disparity between her and my poor brother. Indeed, a city-bred lady of her time of life, accustomed to London gaiety and luxury, would find but a dismal home in our Virginian plantation. Besides, the house, such as it is, is not Harry's. He is welcome there, Heaven knows; more welcome, perhaps, than I, to whom the property comes in natural reversion; but, as I told him, I doubt how his wife would—would like our colony," George said, with a blush, and a hesitation in his sentence.

The old lady laughed shrilly. "He, he! Nephew Warrington!" she said, "you need not scruple to speak your mind out. I shall tell no tales to your mother: though 'tis no news to me that she has a high temper, and loves her own way. Harry has held his tongue, too; but it needed no conjuror to see who was the mistress at home, and what sort of a life my sister led you. I love my niece, my Lady Molly, so well, that I could wish her two or three years of Virginia, with your mother reigning over her. You may well look alarmed, sir! Harry has said quite enough to show me who governs the family."

"Madam," said George, smiling, "I may say as much as this, that I don't envy any woman coming into our house against my mother's will: and my poor brother knows this perfectly well."

"What? You two have talked the matter over? No doubt you have. And the foolish child considers himself bound in honour—of course he does, the gaby!"

"He says Lady Maria has behaved most nobly to him. When he was sent to prison, she brought him her trinkets and jewels, and every guinea she had in the world. This behaviour has touched him so, that he feels more deeply than ever bound to her ladyship. But I own my brother seems bound by honour rather than love—such at least is his present feeling."

"My good creature," cries Madam Bernstein, "don't you see that Maria brings a few twopenny trinkets and a half-dozen guineas to Mr. Esmond, the heir of the great estate in Virginia,—not to the second son, who is a beggar, and has just squandered away every shilling of his fortune? I swear to you, on my credit as a gentlewoman, that, knowing Harry's obstinacy, and the misery he had in store for himself, I tried to bribe Maria to give up her engagement

with him, and only failed because I could not bribe high enough! When he was in prison, I sent my lawyer to him, with orders to pay his debts immediately, if he would but part from her, but Maria had been beforehand with us, and Mr. Harry chose not to go back from his stupid word. Let me tell you what has passed in the last month!" And here the old lady narrated at length the history which we know already, but in that cynical language which was common in her times, when the finest folks and the most delicate ladies called things and people by names which we never utter in good company now-a-days. And so much the better on the whole. We mayn't be more virtuous, but it is something to be more decent: perhaps we are not more pure, but of a surety we are more cleanly.

Madame Bernstein talked so much, so long, and so cleverly, that she was quite pleased with herself and her listener; and when she put herself into the hands of Mrs. Brett to retire for the night, informed the waiting-maid that she had changed her opinion about her eldest nephew, and that Mr. George was handsome, that he was certainly much wittier than poor Harry (whom Heaven, it must be confessed, had not furnished with a very great supply of brains), and that he had quite the *bel air*—a something melancholy—a noble and distinguished *je ne scais quoy*—which reminded her of the Colonel. Had she ever told Brett about the Colonel? Scores of times, no doubt. And now she told Brett about the Colonel once more. Meanwhile, perhaps her new favourite was not quite so well pleased with her as she was with him. What a strange picture of life and manners had the old lady unveiled to her nephew! How she railed at all the world round about her! How unconsciously did she paint her own family—her own self; how selfish, one and all; pursuing what mean ends; grasping and scrambling frantically for what petty prizes; ambitious for what shabby recompenses; trampling—from life's beginning to its close—through what scenes of stale dissipations and faded pleasures! "Are these the inheritors of noble blood?" thought George, as he went home quite late from his aunt's house, passing by doors whence the last guests of fashion were issuing, and where the chairmen were yawning over their expiring torches. "Are these the proud possessors of ancestral honours and ancient names, and were their forefathers, when in life, no better? We have our pedigree at home with noble coats-of-arms emblazoned all over the branches, and titles dating back before the Conquest and the Crusaders. When a knight of old found a friend in want, did he turn his back upon him, or an unprotected damsel, did he delude her and leave her? When a nobleman of the early time received a young kinsman, did he get the better of him at dice, and did the ancient chivalry cheat in horseflesh? Can it be that this wily woman of the world as my aunt has represented, has inveigled my poor Harry into an engagement, that her tears are false, and that as soon as she finds him poor she will desert him? Had we not best pack the trunks and take a cabin in the next ship bound for home?" George reached

his own door revolving these thoughts, and Gumbo came up yawning with a candle, and Harry was asleep before the extinguished fire, with the ashes of his emptied pipe on the table beside him.

He starts up, his eyes for a moment dulled by sleep, lighten with pleasure as he sees his dear George. He puts his arms round his brother with a boyish laugh.

"There he is in flesh and blood, thank God!" he says, "I was dreaming of thee but now, George, and that Ward was hearing us our lesson! Dost thou remember the ruler, Georgy? Why, bless my soul 'tis three o'clock! Where have you been a gadding, Mr. George? Hast thou supped? I supped at White's, but I'm hungry again. I did not play, sir,—no, no; no more of that for younger brothers! And my Lord March paid me fifty he lost to me. I bet against his horse and on the Duke of Hamilton's! They both rode the match at Newmarket this morning, and he lost because he was under weight. And he paid me, and he was as sulky as a bear. Let us have one pipe, Georgy!—just one."

And after the smoke the young men went to bed, where I, for one, wish them a pleasant rest, for sure it is a good and pleasant thing to see brethren who love one another.

CHAPTER VII.

BETWEEN BROTHERS.

OF course our young men had had their private talk about home, and all the people and doings there, and each had imparted to the other full particulars of his history since their last meeting. How were Harry's dogs, and little Dempster, and good old Nathan, and the rest of the household? Was Mountain well, and Fanny grown to be a pretty girl? So Parson Broadbent's daughter was engaged to marry Tom Barker of Savannah, and they were to go and live in Georgia! Harry owns that at one period he was very sweet upon Parson Broadbent's daughter, and lost a great deal of pocket-money at cards, and drank a great quantity of strong-waters with the father, in order to have a pretext for being near the girl. But, Heaven help us! Madam Esmond would never have consented to his throwing himself away upon Polly Broadbent. So Colonel G. Washington's wife was a pretty woman, very good-natured and pleasant, and with a good fortune? He had brought her into Richmond, and paid a visit of state to Madam Esmond. George described, with much humour, the awful ceremonials at the interview between these two personages, and the killing politeness of his mother to Mr. Washington's young wife. "Never mind, George, my dear!" says Mrs. Mountain. "The Colonel has taken another wife, but I feel certain that at one time two young gentlemen I know of ran a very near chance of having a tall step-father six feet

two in his boots." To be sure, Mountain was for ever match-making in her mind. Two people could not play a game at cards together, or sit down to a dish of tea, but she fancied their conjunction was for life. It was she—the foolish tattler—who had set the report abroad regarding the poor Indian woman. As for Madam Esmond, she had repelled the insinuation with scorn when Parson Stack brought it to her, and said, "I should as soon fancy Mr. Esmond stealing the spoons or marrying a negro woman out of the kitchen." But, though she disdained to find the poor Biche guilty, and even thanked her for attending her son in his illness, she treated her with such a chilling haughtiness of demeanour, that the Indian slunk away into the servants' quarters, and there tried to drown her disappointments with drink. It was not a cheerful picture that which George gave of his two months at home. "The birthright is mine, Harry," he said, "but thou art the favourite, and God help me! I think my mother almost grudges it to me. Why should I have taken the *pas*, and preceded your worship into the world? Had you been the elder, you would have had the best cellar, and ridden the best nag, and been the most popular man in the country, whereas I have not a word to say for myself, and frighten people by my glum face: I should have been second son, and set up as lawyer, or come to England and got my degrees, and turned parson, and said grace at your honour's table. The time is out of joint, sir. O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!"

"Why, Georgy, you are talking verses, I protest you are!" says Harry.

"I think, my dear, some one else talked those verses before me," says George, with a smile.

"It's out of one of your books. You know every book that ever was wrote, that I do believe!" cries Harry; and then told his brother how he had seen the two authors at Tunbridge, and how he had taken off his hat to them. "Not that *I* cared much about their books, not being clever enough. But I remembered how my dear old George used to speak of 'em," says Harry, with a choke in his voice, "and that's why I liked to see them. I say, dear, it's like a dream seeing you over again. Think of that bloody Indian with his knife at my George's head! I should like to give that Monsieur de Florac something for saving you—but I haven't got much now, only my little gold kneebuckles, and they ain't worth two guineas."

"You have got the half of what I have, child, and we'll divide as soon as I have paid the Frenchman," George said.

On which Harry broke out not merely into blessings but actual imprecations, indicating his intense love and satisfaction; and he swore that there never was such a brother in the world as his brother George. Indeed, for some days after his brother's arrival, his eyes followed George about: he would lay down his knife and fork, or his newspaper, when they were sitting together, and begin to laugh to himself. When he walked with George on the Mall or in Hyde Park, he would gaze

round at the company, as much as to say, "Look here, gentlemen! This is he. This is my brother, that was dead and is alive again! Can any man in Christendom produce such a brother as this?"

Of course he was of opinion that George should pay to Museau's heirs the sum which he had promised for his ransom. This question had been the cause of no small unhappiness to poor George at home. Museau dead, Madam Esmond argued with much eagerness, and not a little rancour, the bargain fell to the ground, and her son was free. The man was a rogue in the first instance. *She* would not pay the wages of iniquity. Mr. Esmond had a small independence from his father, and might squander his patrimony if he chose. He was of age, and the money was in his power; but she would be no party to such extravagance, as giving twelve thousand livres to a parcel of peasants in Normandy with whom we were at war, and who would very likely give it all to the priests and the pope. *She* would not subscribe to any such wickedness. If George wanted to squander away his father's money (she must say that formerly he had not been so *eager*, and when *Harry's benefit* was in question had refused to touch a penny of it!)—if he wished to spend it now, why not give it to his own flesh and blood, to poor Harry, who was suddenly deprived of his inheritance, and not to a set of priest-ridden peasants in France? This dispute had raged between mother and son during the whole of the latter's last days in Virginia. It had never been settled. On the morning of George's departure, Madam Esmond had come to his bedside, after a sleepless night, and asked him whether he still persisted in his intention to fling away his father's property? He replied in a depth of grief and perplexity, that his word was passed, and he must do as his honour bade him. She answered that she would continue to pray that Heaven might soften his proud heart, and enable her to bear her heavy trials: and the last view George had of his mother's face was as she stood yet a moment by his bedside, pale and with tearless eyes, before she turned away and slowly left his chamber.

"Where didst thou learn the art of winning over everybody to thy side, Harry?" continued George; "and how is it that you and all the world begin by being friends? Teach me a few lessons in popularity, —nay, I don't know that I will have them; and when I find and hear certain people hate me, I think I am rather pleased than angry. At first, at Richmond, Mr. Esmond Warrington, the only prisoner who had escaped from Braddock's field—the victim of so much illness and hardship—was a favourite with the town-folks, and received privately and publicly with no little kindness. The parson glorified my escape in a sermon; the neighbours came to visit the fugitive; the family coach was ordered out, and Madame Esmond and I paid our visits in return. I think some pretty little caps were set at me. But these our mother routed off, and frightened with the prodigious haughtiness of her demeanour; and my popularity was already at the decrease, before the event occurred which put the last finishing stroke to it. I

was not jolly enough for the officers, and didn't care for their drinking-bouts, dice-boxes, and swearing. I was too sarcastic for the ladies, and their tea and tattle stupified me almost as much as the men's blustering and horse-talk. I cannot tell thee, Harry, how lonely I felt in that place, amidst the scandal and squabbles: I regretted my prison almost, and found myself more than once wishing for the freedom of thought, and the silent ease of Duquesne. I am very shy, I suppose: I can speak unreservedly to very few people. Before most, I sit utterly silent. When we two were at home, it was thou who used to talk at table, and get a smile now and then from our mother. When she and I were together we had no subject in common, and we scarce spoke at all until we began to dispute about law and divinity.

"So the gentlemen had determined I was supercilious, and a dull companion (and, indeed, I think their opinion was right), and the ladies thought I was cold and sarcastic,—could never make out whether I was in earnest or no, and, I think, generally voted I was a disagreeable fellow, before my character was gone quite away; and that went with the appearance of the poor Biche. O, a nice character they made for me, my dear!" cried George, in a transport of wrath, "and a pretty life they led me, after Museau's unlucky messenger had appeared amongst us! The boys hooted the poor woman if she appeared in the street; the ladies dropped me half-curtseys, and walked over to the other side. That precious clergyman went from one tea-table to another preaching on the horrors of seduction, and the lax principles which young men learned in Popish countries and brought back thence. The poor Fawn's appearance at home, a few weeks after my return home, was declared to be a scheme between her and me; and the best informed agreed that she had waited on the other side of the river until I gave her the signal to come and join me in Richmond. The officers bantered me at the coffee-house, and cracked their clumsy jokes about the woman I had selected. O the world is a nice charitable world! I was so enraged that I thought of going to Castlewood and living alone there,—for our mother finds the place dull, and the greatest consolation in precious Mr. Slack's ministry, —when the news arrived of *your* female perplexity, and I think we were all glad that I should have a pretext for coming to Europe."

"I should like to see any of the infernal scoundrels who said a word against you, and break their rascally bones," roars out Harry, striding up and down the room.

"I had to do something like it for Bob Clubber."

"What! that little sneaking, backbiting, toad-eating wretch, who is always hanging about my lord at Greenway Court, and spunging on every gentleman in the country? If you whipped him, I hope you whipped him well, George?"

"We were bound over to keep the peace; and I offered to go into Maryland with him and settle our difference there, and of course the good folk said, that having made free with the seventh commandment

I was inclined to break the sixth. So, by this and by that—and being as innocent of the crime imputed to me as you are — I left home, my dear Harry, with as awful a reputation as ever a young gentleman earned."

Ah, what an opportunity is there here to moralise! If the esteemed reader and his humble servant could but know—could but write down in a book—could but publish, with illustrations, a collection of the lies which have been told regarding each of us since we came to man's estate,—what a harrowing and thrilling work of fiction that romance would be! Not only is the world informed of every thing about you, but of a great deal more. Not long since the kind postman brought a paper containing a valuable piece of criticism, which stated, "This author states he was born in such and such a year. It is a lie. He was born in the year so and so." The critic knew better: of course he did. Another (and both came from the country which gave MULLIGAN birth) warned some friend, saying, "Don't speak of New South Wales to him. He has a brother there, and the family *never mention his name.*" But this subject is too vast and noble for a mere paragraph. I shall prepare a memoir, or let us rather have *par une société de gens de lettres*, a series of Biographies,—of lives of gentlemen, as told by their dear friends whom they don't know.

George having related his exploits as champion and martyr, of course Harry had to unbosom himself to his brother, and lay before his elder an account of his private affairs. He gave up all the family of Castlewood—my lord, not for getting the better of him at play; for Harry was a sporting man, and expected to pay when he lost, and receive when he won; but for refusing to aid the chaplain in his necessity, and dismissing him with such false and heartless pretexts. About Mr. Will he had made up his mind, after the horsedealing matter, and freely marked his sense of the latter's conduct upon Mr. Will's eyes and nose. Respecting the Countess and Lady Fanny, Harry spoke in a manner more guarded, but not very favourable. He had heard all sorts of stories about them. The Countess was a card-playing old cat; Lady Fanny was a desperate flirt. Who told him? Well, he had heard the stories from a person who knew them both very well indeed. In fact, in those days of confidence, of which we made mention in the last volume, Maria had freely imparted to her cousin a number of anecdotes respecting her step-mother and her half-sister, which were by no means in favour of those ladies.

But in respect to Lady Maria herself, the young man was stanch and hearty. "It may be imprudent: I don't say no, George. I may be a fool: I think I am. I know there will be a dreadful piece of work at home, and that Madam and she will fight. Well! We must live apart. Our estate is big enough to live on without quarreling, and I can go elsewhere than to Richmond or Castlewood. When you come to the property, you'll give me a bit—at any rate, Madam will let me off at an easy rent—or I'll make a famous farmer or factor.

I can't and wont part from Maria. She has acted so nobly by me, that I should be a rascal to turn my back on her. Think of her bringing me every jewel she had in the world, dear brave creature! and flinging them into my lap with her last guineas,—and—and —God bless her!" Here Harry dashed his sleeve across his eyes, with a stamp of his foot; and said, "No, brother, I won't part with her, not to be made Governor of Virginia to-morrow; and my dearest old George would never advise me to do so, I know that."

"I am sent here to advise you," George replied. "I am sent to break the marriage off, if I can: and a more unhappy one I can't imagine. But I can't counsel you to break your word, my boy."

"I knew you couldn't! What's said is said, George. I have made my bed, and must lie on it," says Mr. Harry, gloomily.

Such had been the settlement between our two young worthies, when they first talked over Mr. Harry's love affair. But after George's conversation with his aunt, and the farther knowledge of his family, which he acquired through the information of that keen old woman of the world, Mr. Warrington, who was naturally of a sceptical turn, began to doubt about Lady Maria, as well as regarding her brothers and sister, and looked at Harry's engagement with increased distrust and alarm. Was it for his wealth that Maria wanted Harry? Was it his handsome young person that she longed after? Were those stories true which Aunt Bernstein had told of her? Certainly he could not advise Harry to break his word; but he might cast about in his mind for some scheme for putting Maria's affection to the trial; and his ensuing conduct, which appeared not very amiable, I suppose resulted from this deliberation.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARIADNE.

Y Lord Castlewood had a house in Kensington Square spacious enough to accommodate the several members of his noble family, and convenient for their service at the palace hard-by, when His Majesty dwelt there. Her ladyship had her evenings, and gave her card-parties here for such as would come; but Kensington was a long way from London a hundred years since, and George Selwyn said he for one was afraid to go, for fear of being robbed of a night,—whether by footpads with crape over their faces, or by ladies in rouge at the quadrille-table, we have no means of saying. About noon on the day after Harry had made his re-appearance at White's, it chanced that all his virtuous kinsfolks partook of breakfast together, even Mr. Will being present, who was to go into waiting in the afternoon.

The ladies came first to their chocolate: them Mr. Will joined in his court suit; finally, my lord appeared, languid, in his bedgown and nightcap, having not yet assumed his wig for the day. Here was news which Will had brought home from the Star and Garter last night, when he supped in company with some men who had heard it at White's, and seen it at Ranelagh!

"Heard what? seen what?" asked the head of the house, taking up his Daily Advertiser.

"Ask Maria!" says Lady Fanny. My lord turns to his elder sister, who wears a face of portentous sadness, and looks as pale as a table-cloth.

"'Tis one of Will's usual elegant and polite inventions," says Maria.

"No," swore Will, with several of his oaths; "it was no invention of his. Tom Claypool of Norfolk saw 'em both at Ranelagh; and Jack Morris came out of White's, where he heard the story from Harry Warrington's own lips. Curse him, I'm glad of it!" roars Will, slapping the table. "What do you think of your Fortunate Youth? your Virginian, whom your lordship made so much of, turning out to be a second son?"

"The elder brother not dead?" says my lord.

"No more dead than you are. Never was. It's my belief that it was a cross between the two."

"Mr. Warrington is incapable of such duplicity!" cries Maria.

"*I* never encouraged the fellow, I am sure you will do me justice there," says my lady. "Nor did Fanny: not we, indeed!"

"Not we, indeed!" echoes my Lady Fanny.

"The fellow is only a beggar, and, I dare say, has not paid for the clothes on his back," continues Will. "I'm glad of it, for, hang him, I hate him!"

"You don't regard him with favourable eyes; especially since he blacked yours, Will!" grins my lord. "So the poor fellow has found his brother, and lost his estate!" And here he turned towards his sister Maria, who, although she looked the picture of woe, must have suggested something ludicrous to the humorist near whom she sate; for his lordship, having gazed at her for a minute, burst into a shrill laugh, which caused the poor lady's face to flush, and presently her eyes to pour over with tears. "It's a shame! it's a shame!" she sobbed out, and hid her face in her handkerchief. Maria's step-brother and sister looked at each other. "We never quite understand your lordship's humour," the former lady remarked, gravely.

"I don't see there is the least reason why you should," said my lord, coolly. "Maria, my dear, pray excuse me if I have said—that is, done anything, to hurt your feelings."

"Done anything! You pillaged the poor lad in his prosperity, and laugh at him in his ruin!" says Maria, rising from table, and glaring round at all her family.

"Excuse me, my dear sister, I was not laughing at *him*," said my lord, gently.

"Oh, never mind at what or whom else, my lord! You have taken from him all he had to lose. All the world points at you as the man who feeds on his own flesh and blood. And now you have his all you make merry over his misfortune!" and away she rustled from the room, flinging looks of defiance at all the party there assembled.

"Tell us what has happened, or what you have heard, Will, and my sister's grief will not interrupt us." And Will told, at greater length, and with immense exultation at Harry's discomfiture, the story now buzzed through all London, of George Warrington's sudden apparition. Lord Castlewood was sorry for Harry: Harry was a good brave lad, and his kinsman liked him, as much as certain worldly folks like each other. To be sure, he played Harry at cards, and took the advantage of the market upon him; but why not? The peach which other men would certainly pluck, he might as well devour. "Eh! if that were all my conscience had to reproach me with, I need not be very uneasy!" my lord thought. "Where does Mr. Warrington live?"

Will expressed himself ready to enter upon a state of reprobation if he knew or cared.

"He shall be invited here, and treated with every respect," says my lord.

"Including picquet, I suppose!" growls Will.

"Or will you take him to the stables, and sell him one of your bargains of horse-flesh, Will?" asks Lord Castlewood. "*You* would have won of Harry Warrington fast enough, if you could; but you cheat so clumsily at your game that you got paid with a cudgel. I desire, once more, that every attention may be paid to our Cousin Warrington."

"And that you are not to be disturbed, when you sit down to play, of course, my lord!" cries Lady Castlewood.

"Madam, I desire fair play, for Mr. Warrington, and for myself, and for every member of this amiable family," retorted Lord Castlewood, fiercely.

"Heaven help the poor gentleman if your lordship is going to be kind to him," said the Stepmother, with a curtsey; and there is no knowing how far this family dispute might have been carried, had not, at this moment, a phaeton driven up to the house, in which were seated the two young Virginians.

It was the carriage which our young Prodigal had purchased in the days of his prosperity. He drove it still: George sate in it by his side; their negroes were behind them. Harry had been for meekly giving the whip and reins to his brother, and ceding the whole property to him. "What business has a poor devil like me with horses and carriages, Georgy?" Harry had humbly said. "Beyond the coat on my back, and the purse my aunt gave me, I have nothing in the world. You take the driving-seat, brother; it will ease my mind if you will take the driving-seat?" George laughingly said he did not know the way, and Harry did; and that, as for the carriage, he would claim only a half of it, as he had already done with his brother's wardrobe. "But a bargain is a bargain; if I share thy coats thou must divide my breeches' pocket, Harry; that is but fair dealing!" Again and again Harry swore there never was such a brother on

earth. How he rattled his horses over the road! How pleased and proud he was to drive such a brother! They came to Kensington in famous high spirits; and Gumbo's thunder upon Lord Castlewood's door was worthy of the biggest footman in all St. James's.

Only my Lady Castlewood and her daughter Lady Fanny were in the room into which our young gentlemen were ushered. Will had no particular fancy to face Harry, my lord was not dressed, Maria had her reasons for being away, at least till her eyes were dried. When we drive up to friends' houses now-a-days in our coaches and six, when John carries up our noble names, when, finally, we enter the drawing-room with our best hat and best Sunday smile foremost, does it ever happen that we interrupt a family row? that we come simpering and smiling in, and stepping over the delusive ashes of a still burning domestic heat? that in the interval between the hall-door and the drawing-room, Mrs., Mr., and the Misses Jones have grouped themselves in a family tableau; this girl artlessly arranging flowers in a vase, let us say; that one reclining over an illuminated work of devotion; mamma on the sofa, with the butcher's and grocer's book pushed under the cushion, some elegant work in her hand, and a pretty little foot pushed out advantageously; while honest Jones, far from saying, "Curse that Brown, he is always calling here!" holds out a kindly hand, shows a pleased face, and exclaims, "What, Brown, my boy, delighted to see you! Hope you've come to lunch!" I say, does it ever happen to *us* to be made the victims of domestic artifices, the spectators of domestic comedies got up for our special amusement? O, let us be thankful, not only for faces, but for masks! not only for honest welcome, but for hypocrisy, which hides unwelcome things from us! Whilst I am talking, for instance, in this easy chatty way, what right have you, my good sir, to know what is really passing in my mind? It may be that I am racked with gout, or that my eldest son has just sent me in a thousand pounds' worth of college-bills, or that I am writhing under an attack of the Stoke Pogis Sentinel, which has just been sent me under cover, or that there is a dreadfully scrappy dinner, the evident remains of a party to which I *didn't* invite you, and yet I conceal my agony, I wear a merry smile, I say, "What! come to take pot-luck with us, Brown, my boy? Betsy! Put a knife and fork for Mr. Brown. Eat! Welcome! Fall to! It's my best!" I say that humbug which I am performing is beautiful self-denial—that hypocrisy is true virtue. O, if every man spoke his mind, what an intolerable society ours would be to live in!

As the young gentlemen are announced, Lady Castlewood advances towards them with perfect ease and good humour. "We have heard, Harry," she says, looking at the latter with a special friendliness, "of this most extraordinary circumstance. My Lord Castlewood said at breakfast that he should wait on you this very day, Mr. Warrington, and cousin Harry, we intend not to love you any the less because you are poor."

"We shall be able to show now that it is not for your acres that we like you, Harry!" says Lady Fanny, following her mamma's lead.

"And I to whom the acres have fallen?" says Mr. George, with a smile and a bow.

"O, cousin, we shall like you for being like Harry!" replies the arch Lady Fanny.

Ah! who that has seen the world, has not admired that astonishing ease with which fine ladies drop you and pick you up again? Both the ladies now addressed themselves almost exclusively to the younger brother. They were quite civil to Mr. George: but with Mr. Harry they were fond, they were softly familiar, they were gently kind, they were affectionately reproachful. Why had Harry not been for days and days to see them?

"Better to have had a dish of tea and a game at picquet with them than with some other folks," says Lady Castlewood. "If *we* had won enough to buy a paper of pins from you we should have been content; but young gentlemen don't know what is for their own good," says mamma.

"Now you have no more money to play with, you can come and play with us, cousin!" cries fond Lady Fanny, lifting up a finger, "and so your misfortune will be good fortune to us."

George was puzzled. This welcome of his brother was very different from that to which he had looked. All these compliments and attentions paid to the younger brother, though he was without a guinea! Perhaps the people were not so bad as they were painted? The Blackest of all Blacks is said not to be of *quite* so dark a complexion as some folks describe him.

This affectionate conversation continued for some twenty minutes, at the end of which period my Lord Castlewood made his appearance, wig on head, and sword by side. He greeted both the young men with much politeness: one not more than the other. "If you were to come to us—and I, for one, cordially rejoice to see you—what a pity it is you did not come a few months earlier! A certain evening at picquet would then most likely never have taken place. A younger son would have been more prudent."

"Yes, indeed," said Harry.

"Or a kinsman more compassionate. But I fear that love of play runs in the blood of all of us. I have it from my father, and it has made me the poorest peer in England. Those fair ladies whom you see before you are not exempt. My poor brother Will is a martyr to it; and what I, for my part, win on one day, I lose on the next. 'Tis shocking, positively, the rage for play in England. All my poor cousin's bank-notes parted company from me within twenty-four hours after I got them."

"I have played, like other gentlemen, but never to hurt myself, and never indeed caring much for the sport," remarked Mr. Warrington.

"When we heard that my lord had played with Harry, we did *so* scold him," cried the ladies.

"But if it had not been I, thou knowest, cousin Warrington, some other person would have had thy money. 'Tis a poor consolation, but as such Harry must please to take it, and be glad that friends won his money, who wish him well, not strangers, who cared nothing for him, and fleeced him."

"Eh! a tooth out is a tooth out, though it be your brother who pulls it, my lord!" said Mr. George, laughing. "Harry must bear the penalty of his faults, and pay his debts, like other men."

"I am sure I have never said or thought otherwise. 'Tis not like an Englishman, to be sulky because he is beaten," says Harry.

"Your hand, cousin! You speak like a man!" cries my lord, with delight. The ladies smile to each other.

"My sister, in Virginia, has known how to bring up her sons as gentlemen!" exclaims Lady Castlewood, enthusiastically.

"I protest you must not be growing so amiable now you are poor, cousin Harry!" cries cousin Fanny. "Why, mamma, we did not know half his good qualities when he was only Fortunate Youth and Prince of Virginia! You are exactly like him, cousin George, but I vow you can't be as amiable as your brother!"

"I am the Prince of Virginia, but I fear I am not the Fortunate Youth," said George, gravely.

Harry was beginning, "By Jove, he is the best——" when the noise of a harpsichord was heard from the upper room. The lad blushed: the ladies smiled.

"'Tis Maria, above," said Lady Castlewood. "Let some of us go up to her!"

The ladies rose, and made way towards the door; and Harry followed them, blushing very much. George was about to join the party, but Lord Castlewood checked him. "Nay, if all the ladies follow your brother," his lordship said, "let me at least have the benefit of your company and conversation. I long to hear the account of your captivity and rescue, cousin George!"

"O, we must hear that too!" cried one of the ladies, lingering.

"I am greedy, and should like it all by myself," said Lord Castlewood, looking at her very sternly; and followed the women to the door, and closed it upon them, with a low bow.

"Your brother has no doubt acquainted you with the history of all that has happened to him in this house, cousin George?" asked George's kinsman.

"Yes, including the quarrel with Mr. Will, and the engagement to my Lady Maria," replies George, with a bow. "I may be pardoned for saying, that he hath met with but ill fortune here, my lord."

"Which no one can deplore more cordially than myself. My brother lives with horse-jockeys and trainers, and the wildest bloods of the town, and between us there is very little sympathy. We should not

all lived together, were we not so poor. This is the house which our grandmother occupied before she went to America and married Colonel Esmond. Much of the old furniture belonged to her." George looked round the wainscotted parlour with some interest. "Our house has not flourished in the last twenty years; though we had a promotion of rank a score of years since, owing to some interest we had at court, then. But the malady of play has been the ruin of us all. I am a miserable victim to it: only too proud to sell myself and title to a *roturière*, as many noblemen, less scrupulous, have done. Pride is my fault, my dear Cousin. I remember how I was born!" And his lordship laid his hand on his shirt-frill, turned out his toe, and looked his cousin nobly in the face.

Young George Warrington's natural disposition was to believe everything which everybody said to him. When once deceived, however, or undeceived about the character of a person, he became utterly incredulous, and he saluted this fine speech of my lord's with a sardonical, inward laughter, preserving his gravity, however, and scarce allowing any of his scorn to appear in his words.

"We have all our faults, my lord. That of play hath been condoned over and over again in gentlemen of our rank. Having heartily forgiven my brother, surely I cannot presume to be your lordship's judge in the matter; and instead of playing and losing, I wish sincerely that you had both played and won!"

"So do I, with all my heart!" says my lord, with a sigh, "I augur well for your goodness when you can speak in this way, and for your experience and knowledge of the world, too, cousin, of which you seem to possess a greater share than most young men of your age. Your poor Harry hath the best heart in the world; but I doubt whether his head be very strong."

"Not very strong, indeed. But he hath the art to make friends wherever he goes, and in spite of all his imprudences most people love him."

"I do—we all do, I'm sure; as if he were our brother!" cries my lord.

"He has often described in his letters his welcome at your lordship's house. My mother keeps them all, you may be sure. Harry's style is not very learned, but his heart is so good, that to read him is better than wit."

"I may be mistaken, but I fancy his brother possesses a good heart and a good wit, too!" says my lord, obstinately gracious.

"I am as Heaven made me, cousin; and perhaps some more experience and sorrow than has fallen to the lot of most young men."

"This misfortune of your poor brother—I mean this piece of good fortune, your sudden re-appearance—has not quite left Harry without resources?" continued Lord Castlewood, very gently.

"With nothing but what his mother can leave him, or I, at her

death, can spare him. What is the usual portion here of a younger brother, my lord?"

"Eh! A younger brother here is—you know—in fine, everybody knows what a younger brother is," said my lord, and shrugged his shoulders and looked his guest in the face.

The other went on: "We are the best of friends, but we are flesh and blood: and I don't pretend to do more for him than is usually done for younger brothers. Why give him money? That he should squander it at cards or horse-racing? My lord, we have cards and jockeys in Virginia, too; and my poor Harry hath distinguished himself in his own country already, before he came to yours. He inherits the family failing for dissipation."

"Poor fellow, poor fellow, I pity him!"

"Our estate, you see, is great, but our income is small. We have little more money than that which we get from England for our tobacco—and very little of that too—for our tobacco comes back to us in the shape of goods, clothes, leather, groceries, ironmongery, nay, wine and beer for our people and ourselves. Harry may come back and share all these: there is a nag in the stable for him, a piece of venison on the table, a little ready money to keep his pocket warm, and a coat or two every year. This will go on whilst my mother lives, unless, which is far from improbable, he gets into some quarrel with Madam Esmond. Then, whilst I live he will have the run of the house and all it contains: then, if I die leaving children, he will be less and less welcome. His future, my lord, is a dismal one, unless some strange piece of luck turn up on which we were fools to speculate. Henceforth he is doomed to dependence, and I know no worse lot, than to be dependent on a self-willed woman like our mother. The means he had to make himself respected at home he hath squandered away here. He has flung his patrimony to the dogs, and poverty and subserviency are now his only portion." Mr. Warrington delivered this speech with considerable spirit and volubility, and his cousin heard him respectfully.

"You speak well, Mr. Warrington. Have you ever thought of public life?" said my lord.

"Of course I have thought of public life like every man of my station—every man, that is, who cares for something beyond a dice-box or a stable," replies George. "I hope, my lord, to be able to take my own place, and my unlucky brother must content himself with his. This I say advisedly, having heard from him of certain engagements which he has formed, and which it would be misery to all parties were he to attempt to execute now."

"Your logic is very strong," said my lord. "Shall we go up and see the ladies? There is a picture above stairs which your grandfather is said to have executed. Before you go, my dear cousin, you will please to fix a day when our family may have the honour of receiving you. Castlewood, you know, is always your home when we are there.

It is something like your Virginian Castlewood, cousin, from your account. We have beef, and mutton, and ale, and wood, in plenty; but money is wofully scarce amongst us."

They ascended to the drawing-room, where, however, they found only one of the ladies of the family. This was my Lady Maria, who came out of the embrasure of a window, where she and Harry Warrington had been engaged in talk.

George made his best bow, Maria her lowest curtsey. "You are indeed wonderfully like your brother," she said, giving him her hand. "And from what he says, Cousin George, I think you are as good as he is."

At the sight of her swollen eyes and tearful face George felt a pang of remorse. "Poor thing," he thought. "Harry has been vaunting my generosity and virtue to her, and I have been playing the selfish elder brother down-stairs! How old she looks! How could he ever have a passion for such a woman as that?" How? Because he did not see with your eyes, Mr. George. He saw rightly too now with his own, perhaps. I never know whether to pity or congratulate a man on coming to his senses.

After the introduction a little talk took place, which for a while Lady Maria managed to carry on in easy manner: but though ladies in this matter of social hypocrisy are, I think, far more consummate performers than men, after a sentence or two the poor lady broke out into a sob, and, motioning Harry away with her hand, fairly fled from the room.

Harry was rushing forward, but stopped—checked by that sign. My lord said his poor sister was subject to these fits of nerves, and had already been ill that morning. After this event our young gentlemen thought it was needless to prolong their visit. Lord Castlewood followed them down-stairs, accompanied them to the door, admired their nags in the phaeton, and waved them a friendly farewell.

"And so we have been coaxing and cuddling in the window, and we part good friends, Harry? Is it not so?" says George to his charioteer.

"O, she *is* a good woman!" cries Harry, lashing the horses. "I know you'll think so when you come to know her."

"When you take her home to Virginia? A pretty welcome our mother will give her. She will never forgive me for not breaking the match off, nor you for making it."

"I can't help it, George! Don't you be popping your ugly head so close to my ears, Gumbo! After what has passed between us, I am bound in honour to stand by her. If she sees no objection, I must find none. I told her all. I told her that madam would be very rusty at first; but that she was very fond of me, and must end by relenting. And when *you* come to the property, I told her that I knew my dearest George so well, that I might count upon sharing with him."

"The deuce you did! Let me tell you, my dear, that I have been

telling my Lord Castlewood quite a different story. That as an elder brother I intend to have all my rights—there, don't flog that near horse so—and that you can but look forward to poverty and dependence."

"What? You won't help me?" cries Harry, turning quite pale. "George, I don't believe it, though I hear it out of your own mouth!"

There was a minute's pause after this outbreak, during which Harry did not even look at his brother, but sate, gazing blindly before him, the picture of grief and gloom. He was driving so near to a road-post, that the carriage might have been upset but for George's pulling the rein.

"You had better take the reins, sir," said Harry, "I told you you had better take them."

"Did you ever know me fail you, Harry?" George asked.

"No," said the other, "not till now"—the tears were rolling down his cheeks as he spoke.

"My dear, I think one day you will say I have done my duty."

"What have you done?" asked Harry.

"I have said you were a younger brother—that you have spent all your patrimony, and that your portion at home must be very slender. Is it not true?"

"Yes, but I would not have believed it, if ten thousand men had told me," said Harry. "Whatever happened to me, I thought I could trust *you*, George Warrington." And in this frame of mind Harry remained during the rest of the drive.

Their dinner was served soon after their return to their lodgings, of which Harry scarce ate any, though he drank freely of the wine before him.

"That wine is a bad consoler in trouble, Harry," his brother remarked.

"I have no other, sir," said Harry, grimly; and having drank glass after glass in silence, he presently seized his hat, and left the room.

He did not return for three hours. George, in much anxiety about his brother, had not left home meanwhile, but read his book, and smoked the pipe of patience. "It *was* shabby to say I would not aid him, and, God help me, it was not true. I won't leave him, though he marries a blackamoor," thought George: "have I not done him harm enough already, by coming to life again? Where has he gone; has he gone to play?"

"Good God! what has happened to thee?" cried George Warrington, presently, when his brother came in, looking ghastly pale.

He came up and took his brother's hand. "I can take it now, Georgy," he said. "Perhaps what you did was right, though I for one will never believe that you would throw your brother off in distress. I'll tell you what. At dinner, I thought suddenly, I'll go back to her and speak to her. I'll say to her, 'Maria, poor as I am, your conduct to me has been so noble, that, by Heaven! I am yours to take or to leave. If you will have me, here I am: I will enlist: I will work: I

will try and make a livelihood for myself somehow, and my bro——my relations will relent, and give us enough to live on.' That's what I determined to tell her; and I did, George. I ran all the way to Kensington in the rain—look, I am splashed from head to foot,—and found them all at dinner, all except Will, that is. I spoke out that very moment to them all, sitting round the table, over their wine. 'Maria,' says I, 'a poor fellow wants to redeem his promise which he made when he fancied he was rich. Will you take him?' I found I had plenty of words, and didn't hem and stutter as I'm doing now. I spoke ever so long, and I ended by saying I would do my best and my duty by her, so help me God!"

"When I had done, she came up to me quite kind. She took my hand, and kissed it before the rest. 'My dearest, best Harry!' she said (those were her words, I don't want otherwise to be praising myself), 'you are a noble heart, and I thank you with all mine. But, my dear, I have long seen it was only duty, and a foolish promise made by a young man to an old woman, that has held you to your engagement. To keep it would make you miserable, my dear. I absolve you from it, thanking you with all my heart for your fidelity, and blessing and loving my dear cousin always.' And she came up and kissed me before them all, and went out of the room quite stately, and without a single tear. They were all crying, especially my lord, who was sobbing quite loud. I didn't think he had so much feeling. And she, George? O, isn't she a noble creature?"

"Here's her health!" cries George, filling one of the glasses that still stood before him.

"Hip, hip, huzzay!" says Harry. He was wild with delight at being free.

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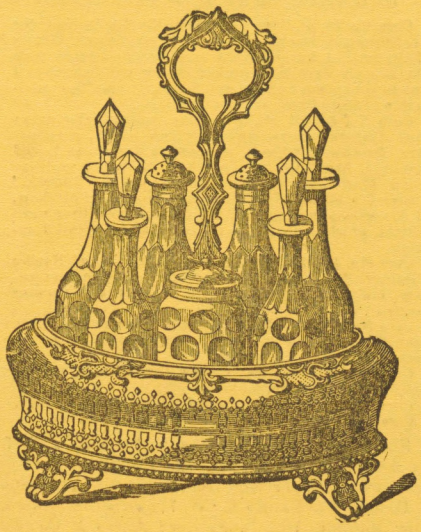

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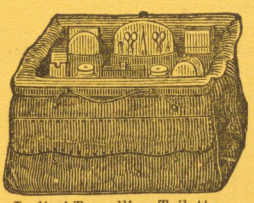

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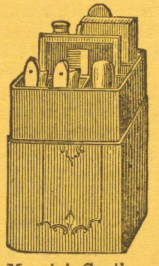

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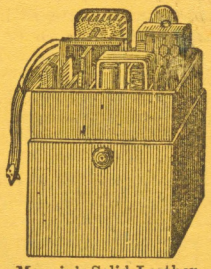

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